

A

L I T U R G Y

ON THE

UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES

OF

RELIGION and MORALITY.

50059

Theology and Lit.
A

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ON THE
UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES
O F
RELIGION and MORALITY.



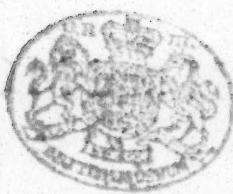
Of a Truth I perceive that God is no Respecter of Persons ; but in every Nation, he that feareth him, and worketh Righteousness, is accepted with him.

ACTS x. 34, 35.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X V I.



P R E F A C E.

THE human mind has ever been fruitful in errors. When they have been left to their natural operations, and men have been permitted to indulge or discard them without restraint, they have often proved to be innocent, sometimes useful, delusions. But when the errors of weak or wicked men have been unhappily adopted by governments, and bad principles supported by law, the evil became serious; and its consequences dreadful.

Of all the projects that have ever been formed, there is not one so absurd, and that hath so much mischief and wickedness to answer for, as that of bringing mankind to an uniformity of opinion by the influence of penal laws. A genuine history of the effects of this design, would contain the greatest part of the calamities that have afflicted the world, and rendered it a scene of discord and wretchedness.

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The progress of reason and philosophy has, of late, much abated the ardour of bigotry and persecuting zeal. The terrors of barbarous laws do not so frequently alarm the breasts of those few, but respectable, men, who dare to exercise the faculties of their minds in the search of truth, and who have always been the greatest benefactors of the world. Men of arbitrary and persecuting principles, are ashamed of the practices to which they would lead, in an age of good sense and humanity : but the principles themselves, barbarous and shameful as they are, continue to dishonour almost all the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of Europe. An alliance, on the meanest motives, is every where preserved between church and state ; and *Acts of Uniformity* disgrace our statute-books, though the acts against charms and witchcraft have been repealed.

This absurd idea of uniformity in opinion, the effect of intellectual weakness and ignorance, and the source of great and innumerable evils, has diffused itself through all the modes of religion, and been the chief means of banishing true piety and humanity from the world. It has corrupted our most sacred exercises ; it has blended doubtful doctrines

trines and unintelligible expressions with our acts of devotion ; and destroyed the spirit with which they should have been actuated. Philosophy and religion have both suffered, from being too speculative, chimerical, and complex. We have happily discovered, by the assistance of the *illustrious Bacon*, that philosophy was only to be reformed by experiment :—experiment hath led to simplicity ; and all the branches of philosophy have been reformed.

The chief object of philosophy is truth ; the principal object of religion is to promote virtue ; and the knowledge of truth, and the practice of virtue, constitute the excellency and happiness of man.

To contemplate and acknowledge the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Supreme Intelligence, with attention, admiration, and gratitude, is true religion ; and this religion is a principal security and inducement to the practice of those great virtues, on which the happiness of the world depends. Public Worship is this simple and clear principle reduced to practice ; and it secures its ends in the same manner that all other principles do.

All our mental operations, as well as our bodily ones, seem to depend upon habit. It is necessary that we should be frequently used to any bodily exercise, in order to have recourse to it with ease and pleasure. The common occasions of life; the duties, laws, and pleasures of society, furnish motives which perpetually recur—or our activity would cease. This was the case with religion, when the public services furnished proper motives to all the people. Their minds were something similar to machines;—regulated on the Sunday for the duties of the following week. This, perhaps, every modest man will acknowledge to be necessary to his moral conduct. A thousand instances may occur to him, on even a slight recollection, where he has transgressed against his best resolutions and opinions—*because the time was distant, in which the reasons of them had been before his mind.*

Some philosophers of the first character, for understanding and morals, have acknowledged and lamented this truth. They complained, not only of having lost that pleasure, which all virtuous minds have in a public acknowledgment of their duties; but that they found themselves failing in many in-

instances of moral conduct, because the reasons and motives of it had not been lately before them.

Public Worship, as a recital of sublime and important truths, is reasonable in itself, useful in its effects, and delightful in the exercise. We are so formed, that every pleasure is multiplied on us by society. To see numbers of our fellow-creatures, equally sincere with ourselves, in acknowledging those truths which make us all happy, must afford as high a pleasure as we are capable of.

It cannot be enjoyed, however, in this country by any man who has the misfortune to disapprove of the Book of Common Prayer, and the method of worship among the Dissenters. Men may have this misfortune, without deserving blame. It is the duty of all men to act on the principles they possess. We apprehend, therefore, that in providing for our religious improvement, on those principles we believe to be true; while we offer no man an injury, aim at no man's interest, and profess the warmest attachment to the constitution and laws of our country;—we do no more than

than we are allowed to do, by the principles of nature and religion, the best laws of civil society, and that prevailing temper and disposition of men in England, which may be called the *Spirit of the times, and the ruling law of the land.*

It is with pleasure we have observed, that many degrees of improvement have taken place in various parts of Europe ; and that the minds of wise and good men are well employed in removing the errors of dark ages ; and in suiting forms of worship to the present state of knowledge. To all such we wish success ; and to all mankind the perfect enjoyment of their inestimable liberties. Let every man worship God according to the dictates of his conscience ; let religion be as free as philosophy ; and truth will certainly prevail.

But as we apprehend, the chief defect of all forms of devotion, proceeds from an idea in those who composed them, of the necessity of a certain uniformity of opinion in speculative and doubtful doctrines, we wish to try the effect of a *Form of Social Worship*, composed on the most enlarged and general principles ; in which all men may join who

acknowledge the existence of a supreme Intelligence, and the universal obligations of morality.

We can see no reason why our public *Forms of Devotion* should be contrived to divide men into parties, while we enjoy the most valuable blessings in common; and all acknowledge the most important truths. Are we not all the children of one benevolent Parent? Do not *Jews* and *Gentiles*, *Christians* and *Mahometans*, own his power, his wisdom, and his goodness? Do not all men acknowledge the eternal obligations of piety and virtue? And doth not the harmony of the world, and the happiness of society, depend chiefly upon these great principles? Why then should any be excluded the pleasure and advantage of social worship, who acknowledge them? If all good men, of all religions, would sometimes unite in adoring Almighty God, and acknowledging those great truths, which they all hold to be the most important, it might be hoped that those comprehensive principles would have a stronger tendency to harmonize and unite; than doubtful and less important opinions have hitherto had to divide them.

It

It is for the use of those who entertain such generous sentiments as these, that the following *Liturgy* has been composed ; the principal object of which, is to promote *Universal Piety and Benevolence*. And it is under the protection of a good Providence, and the humanity of this enlightened age, that we mean to worship God, according to the best dictates of our hearts ; without presuming to prescribe to others ; or to censure any who, in like manner with us, assert their own most sacred rights, in the *Spirit of Charity and Peace.*



The O R D E R for
M O R N I N G P R A Y E R.

¶ To be introduced by this Address from the Minister to the People, the Congregation Standing.

M I N I S T E R.

H EAR, all ye people ; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world ; for the Lord God, omnipotent reigneth. Let the heavens and the earth praise him ; the feas, and every thing that moveth therein. Sing unto the Lord, and give thanks at the remembrance of his goodness. Trust in him at all times, ye people ; pour out your hearts before him ; for God is our refuge.

P E O P L E.

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

B

COLLECT.

2 MORNING PRAYER.

C O L L E C T.

M I N I S T E R.

Almighty God, before whom all creatures bow,
may we celebrate thy glorious perfections, and
speak of thy wonderful works with reverence and
sincere devotion; sing thy praises with gladness;
and humble ourselves before thee, with true pe-
nitence and resolutions of amendment. May
the words of our mouths, and the meditations
of our hearts, be acceptable in thy sight, O God,
our strength and our preserver.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

¶ *The following Hymn, or one of those at the End
of the Liturgy, to be recited by the Minister and
People alternately; all standing.*

H Y M N I.

The Lord our God is worthy of universal
praise. We acknowledge the immensity of his
works; we gladly own our subjection to him,
the Lord of all; and rejoice in a government
administred with wisdom for the happiness of
the whole creation. We acknowledge him
the

MORNING PRAYER. 3

the only living and true God : God in the heavens above ; in the earth beneath, and throughout all worlds ; there is none besides him.

PEOPLE.

Blessed art thou, O Lord God, and worthy to be praised for ever. ▶

MINISTER.

We adore and worship him, a being infinite and immense. He is not excluded any place, or confined by any limits. We cannot go from his spirit ; we cannot flee from his presence ; the one glorious and active principle, directing every atom, animating every form ; in whom all things live and move, and have their being.

PEOPLE.

The Lord dwelleth not in temples made with hands ; the universe is his habitation.

MORNING PRAYER.

MINISTER.

He hath founded the earth by his wisdom ;
and stretched out the heavens by his understanding ; by his knowledge the waters are raised up, and the clouds drop down the dew ; he is mighty in wisdom, wonderful in counsel, and excellent in all his works.

PEOPLE.

O Lord ! how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all.

MINISTER.

The Lord is merciful and gracious. His goodness adorns the creation, and produces beauty, order, and happiness, through all his works : the light of the sun, the revolution of the seasons ; the regular changes of days and nights ; the vapours, the winds, the rains, and all the various and abundant productions of the earth, are the kind provisions of his goodness. He delighteth to make all his creatures happy : he doth good continually ; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

PEO-

MORNING PRAYER. 5

PEOPLE.

Every good gift cometh down from thee, the father of lights ; with whom is no variableness, or shadow of turning.

MINISTER.

The world, and all things therein speak forth his glory. All the hosts of heaven ; all the sons of men ; all the works of God, shew forth his praise.

PEOPLE.

All thy works glorify thee, O God ; and all thy creatures praise thee.

¶ Here the first Lesson is to be read, and then the Service to proceed with the following Thanksgiving ; the Congregation standing.

MINISTER.

Rejoice in the Lord, all ye people : come into his presence with thanksgiving. Sing praises unto him, and bless him ; for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

¶ General

¶ General Thanksgiving.

Almighty God ! supreme in goodness ; whom all thy reasonable creatures regard with reverence. In the exercise of every pure and devout affection, we would raise our minds to thee, the Lord of life, and the fountain of happiness.

We thank thee, O God, for the manifestations thou hast made of thyself in the works of thy hands ; and for the abundant goodness in which thou hast made the whole universe to rejoice.

Among the various beings who partake of thy bounty, we are desirous to express our grateful sense of thy goodness, and unfeignedly to bless thy holy name.

We thank thee, O God, for our creation ; for the excellent form of our bodies ; for the breath of life, the light of reason and conscience ; for the power of communicating our ideas to each other ; for our benevolent and friendly affections ; and all the noble and useful powers of our minds.

P E O P L E.

Thou, O Lord, hast made us, and not we ourselves.

M I N I-

MORNING PRAYER.

7

MINISTER.

We thank thee, most gracious God, for our continual preservation. Thou makest pure the air in which we breathe. When we go forth, thou visitest us with the day-spring from on high; when we retire to rest thou coverest us with the shadow of the evening, that we may dwell in safety: under the protection of thy providence we sleep in peace; when we awake we are still with thee, and thy blessing is ever upon us. We thank thee for the food we eat, the raiment with which we are cloathed, the habitations wherein we dwell; for capacity and ability to perform the duties of our stations; for our present safety, and the opportunity we now enjoy of expressing, in this public manner, the grateful sentiments of our minds.

We thank thee for peaceable times; healthful and fruitful seasons; the administration of wise and good laws; the continuance of our civil and religious liberties: for every personal and family blessing; every friendly and social enjoyment; and all the agreeable and happy circumstances of our lives.

P E O-

8 MORNING PRAYER.

PEOPLE.

We will bless thee, O God, at all times ;
thy praise shall be continually in our mouths.

¶ Here a Psalm is to be sung ; after that, the second Lesson read : then the Service may proceed with the General Confession and the Litany, to be read by the Minister, the People saying Amen to each Collect.

MINISTER.

It is meet to be said unto God, We have done iniquity. Let us, with humble and contrite hearts, confess and lament before him, the manifold errors and follies of our lives.

¶ General Confession, the Congregation kneeling.

MINISTER.

Almighty God ! we confess that in many things we have all offended : we have not behaved as thy children ; or duly improved the talents with which thou hast intrusted us : we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep ; we have followed too much the evil devices

MORNING PRAYER. 9

devices and desires of our hearts : we have offended against thy laws ; we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done ; our consciences witness against us. We look up unto thee, a pure and holy God, with humility, sorrow, and resolutions of amendment. May the painful reflections we now make on our former follies, be an effectual restraint on our future conduct. May thy goodness lead us to repentance, and engage our hearts in a cheerful obedience to thy will in all things.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

¶ *The Litany, or General Supplication, to be said by the Minister and People kneeling.*

Almighty God, we lift up our hearts unto thee, the greatest, wisest, and best of beings. In all our endeavours to correct what has been amiss in us, we would have our eye continually on thee, and set thy perfections always before us. Great and manifold are thy works, O Lord God Almighty : from a diligent and attentive contemplation of them, may we in-

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crease

10 MORNING PRAYER.

increase in the knowledge of thee, entertain the most pure and most exalted sentiments of thy nature and providence ; and under a becoming sense of thy perfections, submit to thine authority, and cheerfully perform thy will in all things.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

MINISTER.

Most gracious God, who hast given us inclination to promote thy kindest purposes, and to feel the influence of the purest love to all men ; we desire to understand the part thou hast given us to perform. We are born, not for ourselves only, but for our friends, our country, and for all mankind. May we preserve our minds free from every unkind, injurious passion ; love our brethren with sincere affection ; behold their wants with pity ; relieve their distresses, and be helpers of their joy : imitating thy sovereign goodness, which is diffusing happiness through all thy works, and blessing with unwearied bounty every part of thine infinite dominion.

PEOPLE

Amen.

MINI-

MORNING PRAYER. 11

MINISTER.

O God of wisdom, we desire ever to remember, that we are thy creatures, and that thou hast formed us with capacities for virtue and happiness. May we never impair our understandings, ruin our health, or disqualify ourselves for any important duties and employments, by the intemperate pursuit of pleasures. May we aspire to that state of manly liberty, and that habit of self-government, which will effectually promote the attainment of wisdom and virtue, and the tranquility and true enjoyment of life. May the consideration of the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the pleasing hope of immortality, raise us above all mean desires, and animate us in the pursuit of virtue.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

MINISTER.

O God, the father of all mankind: may thy pure worship prevail throughout the world; may wisdom and goodness, liberty and peace, charity and happiness, every where abound, and thy kingdom of truth and righteousness be extended through the whole earth.

PEOPLE.

We have all one father ; and one God hath created us.

MINISTER.

We are more particularly concerned for the interests of our country. May true religion prevail, public liberty be established, an effectual stop be put to the progress of error, injustice, profaneness, and all immorality ; and may truth, righteousness and charity every where abound : may peace be within our walls, and prosperity within our cities, and may all the privileges we enjoy be secured to us and handed down to the latest posterity.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

MINISTER.

May the King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family, be eminent for wisdom and the virtues becoming their station.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

MINI-

MORNIN G PRAYER. 13

M I N I S T E R.

May the lords of the council and all the nobility ; the high court of parliament ; judges, magistrates, and ministers of religion ; our universities and all schools and seminaries of learning, be distinguished for wisdom, piety, and virtue.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

May the thoughts of thy goodness be an effectual support to those who are in affliction or adversity ; those who are travelling by land or by water ; women labouring of child ; the widow, the fatherless, and those who have none to help them.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

In every rank of life, may there be a growing veneration for the things which are excellent ; and may we all shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives.

P E O-

P E O P L E.

Amen.

¶ *A Psalm sung.*¶ *The Sermon.*¶ *Conclusion.*

M I N I S T E R.

The Lord be with us; and bless us henceforth and for ever.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

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The O R D E R for
E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

¶ To be introduced by this Address from the Minister to the People, the Congregation standing.

M I N I S T E R.

H E A R, ye people; give ear, ye inhabitants of the world; for the Lord God, omnipotent reigneth. Let the heavens and the earth praise him; the seas, and every thing that moveth therein. Sing unto the Lord, and give thanks at the remembrance of his goodness. Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him; for God is our refuge.

P E O P L E.

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

M I N I-

16 EVENING PRAYER.

MINISTER.

It is good for us to come before the Lord ; and with hearts full of gratitude, to bless his name, who is mighty in power, excellent in working, and abundant in goodness and truth. By contemplating and admiring his perfections, we hope to excite and improve the best dispositions in our own minds. May no mean affections and cares interrupt our delightful employments : let our minds be wholly engaged in the exercises of devotion : may we worship him, the great author of life, the universal spirit, in spirit and truth.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

¶ *The following Hymn, or one of those at the end of the Liturgy, to be recited by the Minister and People alternately, all standing.*

H Y M N I.

Glory be to God the Father Almighty ? we acknowledge him to be the Lord, the fountain of being, the giver of life, and the sovereign of the whole creation, With admiration and joy, we behold

E V E N I N G P R A Y E R. 17

hold the beauty, order, and magnificence of his works ; acknowledge his eternal being and providence ; and worship him, the creator and preserver of all things.

PEOPLE.

O God ; thy perfections fill our hearts with gladness ; and our lips shew forth thy praise.

MINISTER.

The Lord in wisdom hath stretched out the firmament, and the heavens are the work of his hands ; the sun, moon, and stars, he hath ordained to fulfil his pleasure ; the air which we breathe, is his wise provision ; he covereth the heavens with clouds ; he prepareth the rain, and the dew ; he causeth the winds to blow ; he sendeth forth his commandment ; all things are obedient to the voice of his word.

P E O P L E.

O Lord, thy ways are past finding out, and
thine understanding is infinite.

MINISTER.

The Lord hath laid the foundations of the earth;
He hath cloathed it with grafs; furnished it with

18 E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

herbs ; adorned it with flowers ; and enriched it with every thing necessary for the support and happiness of his creatures.

P E O P L E.

The earth is thine, O Lord ; thou hast filled it with the riches of thy goodness.

M I N I S T E R.

The world is subject to his power, and conducted by his wisdom in all its changes and revolutions. The constant succession of day and night, and the grateful return of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, are the gracious appointments of his providence.

P E O P L E.

The day is thine ; the night is also thine ; thy goodness endureth for ever.

M I N I S T E R.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof ; the birds of the air ; the fishes of the sea ; and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He sendeth forth his spirit, they are created ; he reneweth the face of the earth. He is the creator and father of mankind ; he hath placed us high among his

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EVENING PRAYER. 19

creatures, to contemplate his works, to discern his justice, to admire his providence, and to promote the ends of his dominion ; he hath adorned our nature with reasoning powers and virtuous principles ; made us capable of a moral temper, and all the happiness of a right and useful conduct. Great and marvellous are the works of God ! He hath made the heavens with all their hosts ; the earth and all the things that are therein ; the sea, and all that is in it ; and he preserveth them continually.

PEOPLE.

O Lord ! how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all.

MINISTER.

But who among his creatures can shew forth all his praise ?—we behold the monuments of his power ; we trace the footsteps of his wisdom ; and every moment of our lives partake of the riches of his godness ; but none can say how great and wise and good he is : no man can find out the Almighty unto perfection.

PEOPLE.

O God ! thy perfections are above all praise, universal as thy works and infinite as thy nature.

20 E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

¶ Here a Psalm may be sung ; and the first Lesson read ; and then the Service proceed with the following Thanksgiving, the Congregation standing.

M I N I S T E R.

Rejoice in the Lord, all ye people ; come into his presence with thanksgiving, and be devout and joyful in his service. Sing praises unto him, and bless him : for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

P E O P L E.

We will give thanks unto the Lord ; and celebrate his goodness with joyful hearts.

¶ General Thanksgiving.

M I N I S T E R.

O God, thou art the giver of all good : thou delightest in the happiness of thy creatures, and art daily imparting the riches of thy bounty. Thou hast exercised a wise and gracious care over us, ever since we came into the world : by thee are all our wants supplied ; from thee all our enjoy-

ment

E V E N I N G P R A Y E R. 21

ments proceed ; thou crownest our days with thy goodness ; thou givest us food convenient for us, and appointest refreshment for our wearied powers : to thy providence we owe the raiment with which we are cloathed, our comfortable habitations, and all the fruits of our industry and labour.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness !

P E O P L E.

Blessed be the Lord our God ! for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

M I N I S T E R.

We thank thee, O God, for the noble and excellent constitution of our minds ; for reason and understanding ; for all the treasures of knowledge which lie open to our view ; that thou hast formed us for the practice of virtue and true religion ; and given us opportunities for the improvement of our minds, and the attainment of happiness.

We thank thee that we are placed in a social state ; are endowed with social affections ; and enjoy such a variety of pleasures from the esteem and friendship of our brethren.

22 EVENING PRAYER.

We ascribe to thy goodness all the happiness we receive from the practice of virtue, and the just exercise of our powers ; the variety of trials thou has appointed for our improvement, and those noble rewards, both present and future, which are the certain consequences of well doing.

O give thanks unto the Lord, ye his people ; rejoice before him with thanksgiving ; for the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PEOPLE.

All glory and honour, blessing and praise, might, majesty, and dominion, be unto God for ver.

¶ Here a Psalm is to be sung : the second Lesson read : then the Service may proceed with the General Confession and the Litany ; to be read by the Minister ; the Congregation kneeling, and saying Amen to each Collect.

MINISTER.

Let us, with humble and contrite hearts, confess and lament before God, the manifold errors and follies of our lives.

¶ General

¶ *General Confession.*

O most pure and holy God ! glory belongeth unto thee ; but unto us belong confusion and shame. Should we attempt to justify ourselves ; our own hearts would condemn us. We own, with deep concern, our many and great offences. We have been deaf to the voice of thy works, and regardless of the glorious majesty of thy kingdom. O Father ! we have sinned, and we are no more worthy to be called thy children. But a contrite heart thou wilt not despise. We earnestly desire never to repeat our offences ; but as a testimony of our sorrow for them, to renounce every thing displeasing to thee ; may our abhorrence of vice be increased ; and every good purpose of our minds be firmly established.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

¶ *The Litany, or General Supplication.*

M I N I S T E R.

Almighty God ! who hast ordained that our happiness should consist in a freedom from irregular

24 E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

gular and evil passions ; may the bad effects which the past disorders of our lives have had on our understandings and dispositions, guard our future conduct ; that we may ever pursue what our hearts can approve, and maintain an inviolable regard to the dictates of conscience, and the duties of religion.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

O God of love ; who hast given us humane and generous affections ; may our conduct be distinguished by all the kind and friendly offices by which we can promote the happiness of society. May the misfortunes and evils of life humanize and sweeten our tempers ; heighten our compassion for the unhappy, and hasten our endeavours to relieve them. We are all subject to those misfortunes and those follies which cover human life with confusion and misery. May we consider all mankind as brethren ; may an uniform principle of justice and benevolence inspire all our words and actions. May no difference of sects, parties, or opinions, lessen that brotherly affection

EVENING PRAYER. 25

tion we owe to all men. May we be slow to anger, and of great mercy ; just in our dealings ; true to our promises ; faithful to our engagements ; sincere and honest in our professions ; and generously answer, as well the reasonable expectations, as the legal and just demands, of all our fellow-creatures.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

Almighty and everlasting God ! In all our endeavours to improve in virtue, we would have our eye continually on thee ; imitate thy goodness, and act from the clearest views of thy glorious perfections. When we survey the beauties of thy creation, may we feel a devout veneration of thy character. May a firm persuasion of thy presence ever possess our minds, and keep them free from all unworthy thoughts, and all vicious desires—Thy kingdom is everlasting ; —we chearfully submit to thine authority in all things. We willingly follow whither thou leadest ; and humbly submit to whatever befals us in the course of thy providence. We ask not for riches, or honors ; we wish to act well the part assigned to us, and to adorn our several stations by a virtuous conduct.

E

P E O.

26 E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

Almighty God ! we rejoice in the various blessings which thy providence hath bestowed on mankind ; and hope for the continuance and increase of them, out of thine abundant goodness. In all the kingdoms of the world may thy perfections be acknowledged, and thy will be done. As friends to the prosperity and happiness of mankind, we would rejoice in the subversion of tyranny, oppression, and every thing unfriendly to the liberties of the world. May a spirit of order, harmony, and peace, go forth among the nations, and all men freely enjoy the blessings of thy providence.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

Under a wise administration of government, may our happiness be continued. May the King walk before thee with a perfect heart ; let him ever

EVENING PRAYER.

27

ever be preserved from weak or vicious counsels. May his happiness, and that of our most gracious queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the royal family, be continually increasing,

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

May the great council of the nation ; and our judges and magistrates be in all cases faithful to the interests of their country. May our archbishops, bishops, and the ministers of religion, of every sect and denomination, succeed in their endeavours to improve the hearts, and reform the manners of men.

P E O P L E.

Amen.

M I N I S T E R.

O God of all goodness ! we sympathize with all who are in distress ; and weep with those who weep. May our hearts be ever warmed with the most compassionate and friendly wishes for those whose afflictions are alleviated by our remembrance of them, and our attention to their situations ; our relations and friends ; the poor,

28 EVENING PRAYER.

the fatherless, and the widow ; those who are travelling by land or by water ; women labouring with child ; sick persons and young children ; the captive, the aged, and the dying.

PEOPLE.

Amen.

MINISTER.

In every duty, may our minds be inspired with zeal for the public good ; and our hearts united in mutual charity and love.

PEOPLE,

Amen.

¶ *Psalm sung.*

¶ *Sermon.*

¶ *The Minister may conclude with these Words.*

The Lord be with us, and bless us.

HYMN

H Y M N II.

To be read in the Morning or Evening Service.

With reverence we adore the Lord Almighty ;
of whom are all things. Wherever we turn our
eyes we behold his glory. It shines forth in the
whole frame of nature ; in the sun moon, and
stars, which he hath ordained. We behold it in
the earth, the sea, the air, in all things animate
and inanimate ; and in every property and power
by which they answer the designs of his provi-
dence.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good !
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable ! who fitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works : yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars ! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in the sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,

Ac-

Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
fall'ft.

Moon ! that now meet'ft the orient sun, now
fly'ft ;

And ye five other wandering fires ! that move
In mystick dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye elements ! the eldest birth
Of nature—Oh, let your ceaseless change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations ! that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,

Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author, rise :

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters
blow,

Breathe soft, or loud ; and wave your tops, ye
pines !

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs ! warbling tune his praise !

Join voices, all ye living souls ! ye birds,

That

That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep !
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good : and if our minds
Have gathered ought of error, or of vice,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

P E O P L E.

Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good : and if our minds
Have gathered aught of error, or of vice,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

H Y M N III.

Fountain of light ! from whom yon rising sun
First drew his splendor ; source of life and love !
Whose smile awakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring ; O *first* and *best* !
Thy essence, tho' from human sight and search,
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd ; yet man himself,
Thy humble child of reason, man may read
The Maker's hand, intelligence supreme,
Unbounded power, on all his works imprest,

In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
From age to age, through ev'ry clime reveal'd.
Hail universal *Goodness!* in full stream
For ever flowing
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have
life :
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee first FATHER, ceaseless praise ascend !
And in the general hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works, not least
Nor lowest ; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore ; with freedom crown'd
Where virtue leads to follow, and be blest.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life ; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and *Friend!* to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
With-hold, or grant : and let that will be done.

P E O P L E.

— — — And let that will be done.

H Y M N IV.

Glory and honor, and praise be unto God, the creator of all things. He is from everlasting, and ever liveth to maintain the beauty and order of the universe. We look up with joy and confidence unto that gracious being, who causes the returning seasons to know their place ; he sendeth forth his spirit ; he reneweth the face of the earth. He raiseth the sun in the firmament ; maketh grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs and fruits for the service of man ; our pastures are cloathed with flocks, our vallies are covered with corn, and the year is crowned with his goodness. At his rebuke the earth trembleth, and the foundations of the hills do shake : he thundereth with his voice ; he sendeth forth his lightnings to the ends of the heavens ; he scattereth the frost like ashes ; he commandeth the winds and the tempests ; all the powers of nature are subject to his command.

P E O P L E.

O Lord, thou art very great ; thou art cloathed with honor and majesty.

M I N I S T E R.

These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year

F

Is

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
 With light and heat resplendent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter, awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind wing
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming
 thence

The fair profusion that o'erpreads the spring ;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

P A U S E I.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and ardent raise
 One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
 breathes :

Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to
 heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you
 rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;

And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon,
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, his praise.
The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world
While cloud to cloud return the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye vallies raise ; for the great shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song

Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his
praise,

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor, rise to heaven.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Ruffets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the utmost verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,

In the void waste, as in the city full ;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds ;
— I cannot go
Where *universal love* not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in *him*, in *light ineffable* !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

A

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

P S A L M S.

PSALM I. *To God the Creator.*

Common Metre.

I.

LET all the just, to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes,
To sing glad songs of praise.

II.

By his almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

III.

The swelling floods together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a store-house, safe,
His watery treasures by.

Let

IV.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
 Before him rev'rent stand ;
 For when he spake the word, 'twas made,
 'Twas fix'd at his command.

V.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
 Shall stand for ever sure ;
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.

VI.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we for all we want, and wish,
 On thee alone depend.

P S A L M II. *To God our Creator.*

Long Metre.

I.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice ;
 Let every land his name adore ;
 The British isles shall send the noise
 Across the ocean to the shore.

II.

Nations, attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with cheerful joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

We

III.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honours shall we rear
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

IV.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

V.

Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM III. *To God our Creator.*

Long Metre.

I.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their chearful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.

II.

O enter then his temple gate !
 Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bleſs !

G

For

III.

For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure !

PSALM IV. *To God the Creator.*

Common Metre.

I.

O LORD, how excellent thy name !
 How glorious to behold !
 Engraven fair on all thy works
 In characters of gold.

II.

On heav'n's immeasurable space,
 In lines immensely great ;
 In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
 Creator God is writ.

III.

Tho' reason be not given to all,
 Nor voice to thee, O sun !
 Their Maker all proclaim, and here
 Their language is but one.

IV.

From land to land, and world to world
 Thy fame is echo'd round ;
 And ages, as they pass, transmit
 The never-dying sound.

V.

Angels, the eldest sons of light,
 Began the lofty song ;
 They saw the heavens expand abroad,
 And earth on nothing hung.

VI.

Then man, the last and noblest work,
 Of all this nether frame ;
 With the first vital breath he drew,
 Confest from whence he came.

VII.

O let us all give praise to God,
 And magnify his name ;
 His gracious and his mighty works
 To all the world proclaim.

P S A L M V. *To the Creator.*

Proper Metre.

I.

THOU sun, with dazzling rays,
 And moon, who rul'st the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light :
 His pow'r declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly,
 In empty air.

II.

The shining worlds above,
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command :
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 Arose and came
 To praise the Lord.

III.

He moved their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past ;
 And each his word fulfils,
 While time and nature last ;
 In different ways
 His works proclaim
 His wond'rous name,
 And speak his praise.

PSALM VI. *To God the Creator of Mankind.*

Common Metre.

I.

GOD of our lives, whose bounteous care
 First gave us pow'r to move ;
 How shall our thankful hearts declare
 The wonders of thy love ?

II.

While void of thought and sense we lay,
 Dust of our parent earth ;

Thy

Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.

III.

From thee our limbs their fashion took,
And e'er our life began ;
Within the volume of thy book,
Were written ev'ry one.

IV.

Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands ;
Be studious ever to pursue,
Whate'er thy will commands.

PSALM VII. *To God the Creator of Mankind.*

Long Metre.

I.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame,
In me thy various wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

II.

Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay :

Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

III.

By thee my growing parts were nam'd ;
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,))
Was copy'd with unerring art.

IV.

At last, to shew my Maker's name,
He stamp'd his image on my frame ;
And in some unknown minute join'd
The finished members to a mind.

V.

Here the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man :
Great God, our wond'rous nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

Ps ALM VIII.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

Common Metre.

I.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own the hand
That built my humble clay.

Thy

II.

Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
 Where unborn nature grew :
 Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
 And all my members drew.

III.

Thine eye, with nicest care, survey'd,
 The growth of ev'ry part ;
 'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
 Was copy'd by thy art.

IV.

Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire and wind
 Declare thy wond'rous skill :
 But we review ourselves, and find
 Diviner wonders still.

V.

Goodness and wisdom round me shine,
 My form proclaims thy praise :
 And with my tongue my soul shall join
 To celebrate thy praise.

PSALM IX. *Confidence in God our Father.*

Common Metre.

I.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
 On thy paternal care :
 Thou wilt the father and the friend
 In ev'ry act appear.

With

II.

With open hand and lib'ral heart,
 Thou wilt our wants supply :
 Thy heavenly blessings still impart,
 And no good thing deny.

III.

Our Father knows what's good and fit,
 And wisdom guides his love :
 To thine appointments we submit,
 And ev'ry choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal love and care,
 With cheerful heart we trust ;
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,
 And all thy thoughts are just.

V.

We cannot want while God provides,
 What he allots is best :
 And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
 Will give eternal rest.

PSALM X. *To God the Preserver.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE earth and all the heav'nly frame,
 Their great Creator's love proclaim :
 He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
 And sends the soft refreshing show'r,

II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men :
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

III.

Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodness shewn ;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air
Enjoy his universal care.

IV.

Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

PSALM XI. *To God our Preserver.*

Common Metre.

I.

GREAT God ! to thee our grateful tongues,
United thanks shall raise :
Inspire our hearts to tune the songs
Which celebrate thy praise.

II.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs :
Our time revolves at thy command
In all its circling hours.

H

Thy

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever-present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends :
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
How sweet is our repose :
The morning light renews the springs
From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praise,
We would employ our breath ;
And walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph e'en in death.

PSALM XII. *God our Shepherd and Guardian.*

Long Metre.

I.

AS the good shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow
Amidst the pleasing landscapes flow :

II.

So God, the guardian of our souls,
Our wand'ring foot-steps all controls ;
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He leads us back to wisdom's ways.

P S A L M S.

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III.

Tho' we must journey through the plains,
Where death with all its horror reigns,
Our steadfast hearts no ills shall fear,
For thou, O Lord, art with us there.

IV.

By thee with peace and plenty blest,
Our lives are one perpetual feast :
Thine ever-watchful providence
Is our support and our defence.

V.

O, bounteous God, our future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And endless love shall be our theme.

PSALM XIII. *Dependence on God, and Hope in his Goodness.*

Common Metre.

I.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth :
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

II.

Still has my life new wonders seen
With each returning year :
Behold my days which yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

III.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise :
 And round me let thy goodness shine,
 Whene'er thy servant dies.

IV.

Then in the hist'ry of my age,
 When men review my days ;
 They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
 In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM XIV. *Preserving Goodness acknowledged.*

Common Metre.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care ;
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
 Made ev'ry region please ;
 The hoary frozen hill it warm'd,
 And sooth'd the boist'rous seas,

Thi

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise !

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;

And

And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

PSALM XV. *To the One God.*

Long Metre.

I.

ETERNAL God, almighty cause
 Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown,
 The world submits to all thy laws,
 Depends entire on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being singly stands
 Of all within itself possest ;
 Controul'd by none are thy commands,
 And in thyself completely blest.

III.

To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
 Let heaven and earth the homage pay ,
 All other gods we disavow ,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

IV.

In thee alone we seek for bliss,
 Thou great original of love ;
 There all our wealth and treasure is,
 The world would insufficient prove.

PSALM XVI. *God eternal and Man mortal.*

Common Metre.

I.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

II.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame ;
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

III.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 Return ye sons of men ;
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

IV.

Time, like an over-flowing stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.

O God,

v.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope in days to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

PSALM XVII. *God Omnipresent.*

Common Metre.

I.

IN all my vast concerns with thee
 In vain my soul wou'd try,
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.

II.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest ;
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

III.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're form'd within ;
 And e're my lips pronounce the word
 He knows the sense I mean.

IV.

O ! wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie
 Beset on ev'ry side.

V.

If wing'd with beams of morning light
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand which must support my flight
 Would soon betray my rest.

VI.

If o'er my sins I think to draw,
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.

VII.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee,
 O, may I ne'er offend that power
 From which I cannot flee.

PSALM XVIII. *The all seeing God.*

Long Metre.

I.

LORD thou hast search'd and seen me through
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours ;
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

II.

My thoughts before they are my own
 Are to my God distinctly known,

I

He

He knows the words I mean to speak
E'er from my op'ning lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling power I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

IV.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

V.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where Lord could I thy presence shun
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

VI.

If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive
And there arrest thy fugitive.

VII.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

O,

VIII.

O, may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM XIX. *The power of God.*

Common Metre.

I.

"TWAS God who fix'd the rolling spheres
And stretch'd the boundless skies,
Who form'd the plan of endless years
And bade the ages rise.

II.

From everlasting is his might ;
Immense and unconfin'd,
He pierces thro' the realms of light
And rides upon the wind.

III.

He darts along the burning skies,
Loud thunders round him roar :
All heaven attends him as he flies
All earth proclaims his power.

IV.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing
Fulfil his high command ;
Pay dutious homage to your king
And own his ruling hand.

PSALM XX. *The power and majesty of God.*

Common Metre.

I.

WITH rev'rence let the world appear,
 And bow before the Lord ;
 His high commands with rev'rence hear,
 And listen to his word.

II.

How terrible thy glories be,
 How bright thine armies shine ;
 Where is the power that vies with thee,
 Or truth compared with thine.

III.

The northern pole, and southern, rest
 On thy supporting hand :
 Darkness and day from east to west,
 Move round at thy command.

IV.

Thy words the raging winds controul,
 And rule the boist'rous deep :
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.

V.

Justice and judgment are thy throne
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace :
 And truth and mercy join'd in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM XXI. *The power of God in his works.*

Proper Metre.

I.

ARISE, my soul, on wings devout arise,
 To praise the Almighty Sovereign of the skies ;
 In whom alone unspotted glory shines,
 Which not the heav'ns nor boundless space confines.

II.

He spread the firmament from pole to pole,
 And heav'nly light diffus'd throughout the whole ;
 Of liquid air he bade the columns rise,
 Which prop the starry concave of the skies.

III.

His word in air this pond'rous earth sustain'd :
 Be fix'd, he said, and fix'd the earth remain'd ;
 Heaven, air and sea though all their storms combine,
 Shake not its base, nor break the law divine.

IV.

He bade the changing moon adorn the night,
 Revolve her circle and increase her light :
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.

V.

Thou from the realms of everlasting day,
 See'st all thy works at one immense survey ;
 Pleas'd, at one view, the whole to comprehend,
 Part join'd to part concurring to one end.

Hail

VI.

Hail sovereign goodness, all-creating mind !
 On all thy works thyself incribed we find :
 How various all, how variously indu'd !
 How great their number, and each part how good !

PSALM XXII. *The majesty and condescension of God.*

As the 13th Psalm.

I.

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honours of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his power confess,

II.

Not time nor nature's narrow rounds
 Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
 The heavens are far below his height ;
 Let no created greatness dare,
 With our eternal God compare,
 Armed with his uncreated might.

PSALM

PSALM XXIII. *The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

Common Metre.

I.

SONGS of immortal praise belong,
To my Almighty God ;
He has my heart and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

II.

How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight !
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

III.

How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thought design'd.

IV.

Nature, and time, and earth, and skies
Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?

V.

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM XXIV. *The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

I.

GREAT God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame
 Declares the glories of thy name ;
 There thy rich works of wonders shine :
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

II.

From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light,
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
 And neither sound or language need.

III.

Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice ;
 While he, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Shines round, and makes the earth rejoice.

PSALM XXV. *The Divine Goodness.*

Common Metre.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

Thy

II.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

III.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
E'er yet my feeble thought had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

IV.

Un-number'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

V.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And brought me up to man.

VI.

Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VII.

O, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,

K

That

That glows within my ravish'd heart,
But thou can't read it there.

P A U S E.

VIII.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

IX.

When worn with sickness, oft' hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

X.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

XI.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a thankful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XII.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When

XIII.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

XIV.

Thro' all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 For O, eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

PSALM XXVI. *The Divine Bounty.*

Common Metre.

I.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal pow'r,
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.

II.

The morning light and ev'ning shade
 Successive comforts bring ;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

III.

Seasons and times and months and hours,
 Heaven, earth and air are thine ;

When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

IV.

Those floating cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

V.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
The ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM XXVII. *The Goodness of God.*

Common Metre.

I.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O, God, our heav'ly king :
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In songs of glory sing.

II.

God reigns above, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

III.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;

Thy

Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

PSALM XXVIII. *Divine Mercy.*

Short Metre.

I.

O, BLESS the Lord my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

II.

O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

IV.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeems my soul from death
Has sovereign power to save.

V.

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'rer rest :

The

P S A L M S.

The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

PSALM XXIX.

Short Metre.

I.

MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide,
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

III.

High as the heavens are rais'd,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

IV.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.

V.

He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath ;

P S A L M S.

71

His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

VI.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

VIII.

But thy compassion, Lord,
To endless years endure :
And childrens children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM XXX. *Divine Providence.*

Long Metre.

I.

Thro' all the various shifting scene,
Of life's mistaken ill or good ;
Thy hand, O, God, conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

II.

Thou portion'st with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

III.

All things on earth and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend ;

And

And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

IV.

Be this our care—to all besides
Indiff'rent let our wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd our soul, O God, on thee.

PSALM XXXI.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

Long Metre.

I.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines,
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

II.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

III.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
And all thy children in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

PSALM

PSALM XXXII. *Submission to Providence.*

Common Metre.

I.

NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

II.

The fond delights we here enjoy,
And call our own in vain,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.

III.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave ;
He gives, and, blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

IV.

Peace all our hasty passions then ;
Let each impatient sigh,
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

V.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

PSALM XXXIII. *Praise to God.*

Short Metre.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How wondrous is thy name;
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Through all creation's frame.

II.

Nature in ev'ry dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And does a thousand ways express
 Her undissembled praise.

III.

Our souls would rise and sing
 Our great Creator too;
 Fain would our tongue adore our King,
 And yield the worship due.

IV.

Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of our days,
 And oft to God our souls ascend,
 In humble acts of praise.

PSALM XXXIV.

Praise to God from all creatures.

Proper Metre.

I.

THOU moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day,

Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

II.

Let them adore the Lord
And praise his holy name
By whose almighty word
They all arose and came :
And all shall last
From changes free
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

III.

Let earth her tribute pay ;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that thro' the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales :
Fire, hail and snow,
And misty air,
And winds, that where
He bids them, blow.

IV.

By hills and mountains all
In grateful concert join'd,
By cedars stately tall
And trees for fruit design'd :

By ev'ry beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.

V.

Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler fame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
Let youths with maids
And hoary heads
With children join.

VI.

United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'rs obey ;
His glories sway
The sky transcends.

PSALM XXXV. *Universal Praise.*

Short Metre.

I.

LET ev ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God :
Ye heavenly hosts, begin the strain
And sound his name abroad.

Thou

II.

Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye heavenly flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

III.

He built those worlds above,
And fixt their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

IV.

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow,
Ye thunders rolling round the skies,
His power and glory shew.

V.

Wind, hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

VI.

By all his works above,
His honours be express'd ;
But we who taste his pleasing love
Should sing his praises best.

PLALM XXXVI. *Universal Praise.*

I.

THOU sun with darting rays,
And moon that ruleſt the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In liquid air.

II.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
Arose and came
To praise the Lord.

III.

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.

In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

IV.

Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep;
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

V.

Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

VI.

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear.

Beasts wild and tame,
 Birds, flies, and worms,
 In various forms,
 Exalt his name.

VI.

Ye kings and judges fear
 The Lord, the sov'reign King ;
 And while you rule us here,
 His heav'nly honours sing :
 Nor let the dream
 Of pow'r or state,
 Make you forget
 His pow'r supreme.

VII.

Virgins and youths engage
 To sound his praise divine ;
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join.
 Wide as he reigns,
 His name be sung
 By every tongue,
 In endless strains.

P S A L M XXXVII. *Praise to God.*

Long Metre.

I.

O ALL ye sons human race,
 Rejoice in heaven's eternal King ;
 With gladness come before his face,
 And hallelujahs to him sing.

II.

Know that the Lord is God supreme,
 By whose all-forming hand alone,
 Was rais'd from dust our mortal frame ;
 We are his flock, he doth us own.

III.

Approach, with loud thanksgiving songs,
 The portals of his courts divine ;
 Laud him to whom all power belongs,
 And to his name your praises join.

IV.

For good and gracious is the Lord,
 His flowing mercy knows no end ;
 The truth of his most sacred word,
 To endless ages shall extend.

PSALM XXXVIII. *Praise to God from all
Creatures.*

Common Metre.

I.

THE glories of our Maker, God,
Our joyful tongues shall sing ;
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their king.

II.

'Twas his great hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this wond'rous frame ;
And from his own celestial breath,
Our nobler spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the heavenly songs.

IV.

Let beasts which in the pastures feed,
Or in the deserts lie ;
Fishes that move within the seas,
And fowls beneath the sky :

V.

Let rocks and woods, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring ;
And one united homage raise
To God, all nature's king.

VI.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,
 As through your orbs you run ;
 Praise him in your eternal course
 Around the steady sun.

VII.

The glory of our Maker's name
 Through all creation flies ;
 And his unbounded grandeur shines
 In worlds beyond the skies.

P S A L M XXXIX. *Praise for Creation and Providence.*

Common Metre.

I.

I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
 That made the mountains rise ;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

III.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order of thy throne.

V.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

VI.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh ?

P S A L M XL, *Universal Praise to God,*

Short Metre,

I.

THY name, Almighty Lord !
 Shall sound thro' distant lands ;

Great

Great is thy grace, and sure
Thy truth for ever stands.

II.

Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade,
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M XLI. *Praise to God from all Nations.*

Common Metre.

I.

WITH chearful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise,

II.

God's tender mercy knows no bounds,
His truth shall ne'er decay ;
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M XLII. *Praise to God from all Nations.*

Common Metre.

I.

O ALL ye nations praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue ;

And

And ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

II.

His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand :
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM XLIII. *Universal Praise to God.*

Long Metre.

I.

FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Almighty's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM XLIV. *Praise to God.*

Common Metre.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, his works of might,
Demand our noblest songs ;

Let

Let men assemble and unite
Their harmony of tongues.

II.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

III.

They who would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM XLV. *Universal Praise to God.*

Long Metre.

I.

MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

II.

The wing of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

III.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;

Thy

Thy mercy swift, thine anger flow :
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

IV.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine :
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

V.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make thy song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

VI.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM XLVI. *View of the heavenly Bodies.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' un-

II.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's pow'r display ;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

IV.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :

VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand which made us is divine.

PSALM XLVII. *View of Nature.*

Common Metre.

I.

HAIL king supreme ! all wise and good !
 To thee our thoughts we raise ;
 While nature's beauties wide display'd,
 Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
 Thy works engage our view ;
 Oft as we gaze our hearts exult
 With transports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star
 Which gilds the gloom of night ;
 And decks the rising face of morn
 With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
 With thousand beauties shine ;
 The silent grove and awful shade
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree a constant hymn
 Employs the feather'd throng ;
 To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
 And haunt their grateful song.

Great nature's God, still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage ;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy work's instructive page.

PSALM XLVII.

Thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good.

Long Metre.

I.

VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord,
 All nature rests upon thy word,
 And the whole race of creatures stands
 Waiting their portion from thy hands.

II.

While each receives his different food,
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good ;
 Eagles, and beasts, and whales, and worms,
 Rejoice and praise in different forms :

III.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
 And dying to their dust return ;
 Both men and beasts their souls resign :
 Life, breath and spirit all is thine.

N 2

Yet

IV.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
 And fill the world with beasts and men ;
 A word of thy creating breath
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.

V.

Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
 Are honour'd with thy own delight.
 How awful are thy glorious ways !
 With rev'rence will we sing thy praise.

PSALM XLIX. *God known by his Works.*

I.

GREAT is our God ! his works of might
 To praise his glorious name unite ;
 Heav'n, earth and sea confess his hand,
 And wait obedient his command.

II.

Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
 On which thy vast creation rolls ;
 The starry skies proclaim thy power,
 Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flower.

III.

On various shapes and colours rise
 Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;
 And beasts and birds, with labouring throat,
 Teach us a God in ev'ry note.

IV.

Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a place, or deep, or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod
 And left the foot-steps of a God,

V.

O may the sons of men record
 The various goodness of the Lord,
 How vast his works, how kind his ways,
 And ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM L. *Works of Creation and Providence.*

Common Metre.

I.

REJOICE, ye righteous in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you ;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just and true.

II.

His wisdom and almighty word
 The heav'nly arches spread,
 And by the spirit of the Lord
 Their shining hosts were made.

III.

He bid the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep ;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.

IV.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand ;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.

V.

Thy glorious works our thoughts engage :
 How vast thy power divine !
 Thy counsels stand thro' ev'ry age,
 And in full glory shine.

PSALM LI. *Thanksgiving for Temporal Blessings.*

Long Metre.

I.

WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.

II.

He sends the sun his circuit round
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
 He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.

III.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death ;
 Safety and health to God belong,
 He heals the weak and guards the strong.

PSALM LII. *Thanksgiving.*

Common Metre.

I.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

II.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's king.

III.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand ;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

PSALM LIII.

Thanks to God for his innumerable Mercies.

Common Metre.

I.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise ;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

My

II.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands
 The product of thy skill ;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

III.

These on my heart by night I keep ;
 How kind, how dear to me !
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM LIV. *The blessing of Spring.*

Common Metre.

I.

THE Lord is good ; the Almighty King
 Who makes the earth his care ;
 Visits the pastures ev'ry spring
 And bids the grass appear.

II.

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high
 Pour out at thy command,
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky
 To cheer the thirsty land.

III.

The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring ;
 The vallies rich provision yield
 And the poor lab'lers sing.

The

IV.

The little hills on ev'ry side,
 Rejoice at falling showers,
 The meadows dreſt in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.

V.

The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The parching grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope.

VI.

The various months thy goodness crown,
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the down,
 And shepherds found thy praise.

PSALM LV. *The way and end of the Righteous
and the Wicked.*

Common Metre.

I.

HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
 By ill advice to walk ;
 Nor stands in finners ways, nor fits
 Where men profanely talk.

O

But

II.

But makes the perfect laws of God
 His business and delight,
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 And meditates by night.

III.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
 With timely fruit does bend,
 He still shall flourish, and success
 All his designs attend.

IV.

Ungodly men and their attempts
 No lasting root shall find ;
 Untimely blasted and dispers'd,
 Like chaff before the wind.

V.

For God approves the just man's ways,
 To happiness they tend ;
 But sinners, and the path they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM LVI. *The blessing of the Liberal Mind.*

Proper Metre.

I.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God and loves his sacred law ;

His

P S A L M S.

go

His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

II.

His lib'ral favours he extends ;
To some he gives, to others lends.
A gen'rrous pity fills his mind :
Yet what his charity impairs
He saves by prudence in affairs :
And thus he's just to all mankind.

II.

His hands while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd :
The sweet remb'rance of the just
Like a green root revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

IV.

Beset with threatning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

O 2

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His

PSALM LVII. *Liberality rewarded.*

Common Metre.

I.

HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands ;
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

II.

As pity dwells within his breast,
 To all the sons of need ;
 So God shall answer his request,
 With blessings on his seed.

III.

No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well-established mind ;
 His soul to God his refuge flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

IV.

In times of general distress,
 Some beams of light shall shine ;
 To shew the world his righteousness.
 And give him peace divine.

V.

His works of piety and love,
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Honours on earth and joys above
 Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM LVIII. *Brotherly Love.*

Long Metre.

I.

O God, my Saviour and my King,
 Of all I have, or hope, the spring ;
 Send down thy spirit from above,
 And warm my heart with holy love.

II.

May I from ev'ry act abstain,
 That hurts or gives my neighbour pain ;
 And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
 That would abridge his happiness.

III.

Still may I feel my heart inclin'd,
 To act the friend to all my kind ;
 Still wish them safety, health and ease,
 Wealth, fame, eternal life and peace.

IV.

With mercy let my breast o'erflow,
 When I behold a wretch in woe ;
 And in his sorrows bear a part
 With ev'ry one with heavy heart.

V.

But when my neighbour's prosperous state,
 Shall pleasure in himself create ;
 Let me, too, in his triumph join,
 Nor once at his success repine.

With

VI.

With hearty and with forward zeal,
 May I promote my brother's weal ;
 Be pleas'd to please, and give content
 His grief to ease or to prevent.

VII.

And should my neighbour spiteful prove,
 Still let me vanquish spite with love ;
 Slow to resent tho' he would grieve,
 But apt and ready to forgive.

VIII.

Let love in all my conduct shine,
 An image fair, tho' faint, of thine ;
 Thus I, thy follower, would prove,
 Father of men, great God of love.

PSALM LIX.

A good Conscience and Submission to God.

Long Metre.

I.

WHILE some in folly's pleasure roll,
 And seek the joys that hurt the soul ;
 Be ours that silent calm repast,
 A peaceful conscience to the last.

II.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
 Without a canker at the root ;

That

That friend who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

III.

Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfills ;
And shall we murmur at our God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod ?

IV.

Tho' heaven afflicts we'll not repine,
We'll still have peace and joy divine ;
Joy, which will over death prevail,
And brighten up its gloomy vale.

PSALM LX.

The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.

Long Metre.

I.

LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Whose hands are pure, whose hands are clean ;
Should tempest shake the earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

II.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away ;

Their

Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings ray.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And pleasing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow,

V.

They scorn to pine for golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In musing o'er diviner joys,
Which heaven prepares for their delight,

PSALM LXI.

The Pleasure of domestic Friendship.

Short Metre.

I.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their actions run.

II.

Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

III.

Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,

Where

Where joy like morning-dew distills,
And all the air is love.

PSALM LXII. *Humility and Submission.*

Common Metre.

I.

IS there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

II.

I charge my thoughts be humble still,
In all my carriage mild,
Content, my father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

III.

The patient soul, the lowly mind.
Shall have a large reward ;
Let men in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM LXIII. *The Happiness of a virtuous Life.*

Common Metre.

I.

HOW blest are they who always keep,
The pure and perfect way ;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray.

P

How

II.

How blest who to his righteous laws,
Have still obedient been ;
And have, with fervent humble zeal,
His favour sought to win.

III.

Such men their utmost caution use,
To shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs,
With constant care proceed.

IV.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ,
Thy statutes to fulfil.

V.

O then that thy most holy will,
Might o'er my ways preside ;
And I the course of all my life,
By thy directions guide.

VI.

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free ;
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways,
With thy commands agree.

PSALM LXIV.

The Character and Hope of the Good Man.

Common Metre.

I.

LORD, who's the happy man who may
To thy blest courts repair ;
Not, stranger like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there.

II.

'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed,
By rules of virtue move ;
Whose generous tongue despairs to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

III.

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

IV.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
Religiously respects.

V.

Who to his plighted vows and trust,
Has ever firmly stood ;
And tho' he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

VI.

Whose soul in sinful ways disdains
 His treasure to employ ;
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe
 The guiltless to destroy.

VII.

The man who by this steady course,
 Has happiness infur'd ;
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

PSALM LXV. *Sincerity in Divine Worship.*

I.

GOD is a spirit just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.

II.

Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honour can appear ;
 The formal hypocrites are known,
 Through the disguise they wear.

III.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground ;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.

Lord,

IV.

Lord, search our thoughts and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere ;
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

PSALM LXVI.

The Life and Death of Good Men.

Common Metre.

I.

MY God, the steps of pious men,
Are order'd by thy will ;
Tho' they should fall, they'll rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

II.

The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Or leave the man he loves.

III.

Mark well the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend,
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM LXVIII.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

Common Metre.

I.

THY justice, Lord, maintains its throne,
 Tho' mountains melt away ;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd sea.

II.

Safety to men thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast ;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 Thy children love to rest.

III.

From thee, when short liv'd joys run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our spirits high.

IV.

Tho' all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes ;
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.

PSALM LXVIII. *The Seasons of the Year.*

Common Metre.

I.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;

Over

Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

II.

He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

III.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry ;
But man who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

IV.

His steady councils change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

V.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and cloath the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the rattling hail ;
The wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

VII.

He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

VIII.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXIX. *The Citizen of Heaven.*

Common Metre.

I.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell,
So near his throne of grace ?

II.

The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with pious hands,
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

III.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

IV.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord ;

And tho' to his own hurt he swears
Still he performs his word.

v.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor ;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM LXX. *Seeking after God.*

Short Metre.

I.

MY God, permit my tongue,
This joy, to call thee mine :
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

II.

For life without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

III.

To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

v.

In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind ;

Q

I think

I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

V.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirits flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

VI.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I'll follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXXI. *New Year's Day.*

Common Metre.

I.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

II.

Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run
The few that yet remain.

Awake

III.

Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn,
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy chief concern.

IV.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And to his care commend ;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt an happy end.

PSALM LXXII. *The Lord is our Shepherd.*

As the 113th Psalm.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care,
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors over spread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM LXXIII. *A Morning Psalm.*

Common Metre.

I.

ON thee each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend,
 In whom are founded all my hopes
 And all my wishes end.

II.

My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
 His boundless love surveys,
 And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
 Her sacrifice of praise.

III.

He leads me thro' the maze of sleep,
He brings me safe to light,
And with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

IV.

When ev'ning flumbers press my eyes,
With his protection bles'd,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

V.

My spirit in his hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For whether waking or asleep,
The Lord is with me still.

VI.

I'll daily to th' astonish'd world
His wond'rous acts proclaim ;
While all with me shall praises sing,
With me shall bless his name.

VII.

At morn, and noon, and night, I'll still
The growing work pursue,
And him alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

P S A L M LXXXV. *Universal Prayer.*

Common Metre.

I.

FATHER of all, in ev'ry age,
 In every clime ador'd ;
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

II.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do ;
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.

III.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 To enjoy is to obey.

IV.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound ;
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

V.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw ;
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

VI.

If I am right, O teach my heart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, thy grace impart
 To find that better way.

VII.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom hath deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

VIII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

IX.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

X.

This day be bread and peace my lot,
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

XI.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;

One

One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

P S A L M LXXV. *Universal Praise.*

Proper Tune.

I.

O azure vaults ! O crystal sky !
The world's transparent canopy ;
Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.

II.

O light ! the fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs ;
Praise the Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his imperial robe.

III.

Thou radiant sun, whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day ;
O praise his name ! without whose purer light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

IV.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense
By God's command, your influence ;
Vast, ever moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to each glorious frame.

Ye

V.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise the Almighty Lord.

VI.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view,
Are less than mole-hills seem to you ;
Praise him, who did all things from chaos draw,
Him whose command is universal law.

VII.

Praise him ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep ;
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

VIII.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
From whom their various blessings spring ;
Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne !

